

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880.

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ADELINA PATTI'S EARLY GIRLHOOD.*

"I bid you farewell for a long time, perhaps for ever, for I shall not sing in Europe after next winter. I am going to America, whither I ought to have gone long since; all the most pleasing recollections of my girlhood are bound up with America." So spoke Adelina Patti, as I wished her good-bye after her Vienna engagement, at the beginning of May, 1877. Between then and now, as we are all aware, she has given up, at least temporarily, her projected American visit.

"Was your childhood in America," I enquired, "happy?"

"O, yes!" she answered with a sigh, "happier than my present life."

"I have heard and read such different anecdotes of your youth—come, give me a connected account of it."

"With all my heart!" replied the lady with friendly vivacity, as she settled herself more firmly in her *causeuse*; "I will tell you what I know; stop me with questions when you like."

I gave a nod and prepared to listen comfortably while Mad. Patti, instead of singing, talked.

"That unfortunately I am already an old woman," she began, you know—what use is it to deny my birthday, the 19th February, 1843? I am a child of the theatre, and consequently, like a soldier's child, have no home properly so called. My father was a Sicilian; my mother a native of Rome; I saw the light of the world in Madrid, where they were both singing during the Italian season, and I was brought up in New York. Of all languages, I learnt English first, then Italian, and, lastly, French and Spanish. I was very young when I went to America, where my father and mother had been engaged by an Italian manager. My father, Salvatore Patti—"

"I can still see him before me," I said, interrupting her, "a tall, stately man, with long white hair and black eyes, serving out the soup, as the calm, good-natured chairman at the head of your small family table."

"He was a good singer (tenor), and a popular member of the company; but my Mother was more than that: she was a great artist. She gained her reputation in Italy as Signora Varilli—Varilli being the name of her first husband. Rewarded with especial marks of public favour, she made even Grisai jealous, and the latter, having on one occasion been thrown into the shade by her, would not again appear in the same town with her. All our family were musical, and Varilli, my step-brother, an excellent singer, gave me my first lessons in singing, doing so quite systematically, and not as a mere amusement or by fits and starts."

"Then Maurice Strakosch was not, as is everywhere believed, your first and only master?"

"Certainly not. It was not till later that Strakosch, who is an Austrian, and born in some small town of Moravia, came as a young pianist to New York, and married my elder sister, Amelia, who then possessed one of the most lovely soprano voices possible, though, unfortunately, she soon lost it. Strictly speaking, Strakosch taught me only Rosina in *Il Barbiere*, and subsequently, when I was travelling about Europe as a regular singer, he went through my characters with me. But let us return to the days of my childhood. A musical ear, as well as an aptitude for and great love of singing, was developed in me at an extremely early age; it was on this account that, while still a little child, I had lessons in singing from my step-brother and pianoforte lessons from my sister, Carlotta Patti. Carlotta, whom you know, was intended for a piano virtuosa; it was not till later that she was discovered to possess a voice, and, moreover, one reaching higher than mine. It was my success as a vocalist which first afterwards induced her to embrace the same career, though only, it is true, in the concert room, because, having been lame from her childhood, she was not fitted for the stage. Thus, we three sisters, and a younger brother, Carlo Patti, lately married, lived together in New York, with our parents, in the most harmonious manner and free from care. Even as a little child, I was madly fond of music and the stage. I went to the opera every

evening my mother appeared; every melody and every action were impressed indelibly on my mind. When, after being brought home, I had been put to bed, I used to get quietly up again, and, by the light of the night-lamp, play over all the scenes I had witnessed in the theatre. A cloak, with a red lining, of my father's and an old hat and feathers belonging to my mother, did duty as an extensive wardrobe, and so I acted, danced, and twittered—bare-footed, but romantically draped—all the operas."

"Nothing was wanting, then, save the applause and the wreaths?"

"O, not even those were wanting; I used to play audience as well, applauding and flinging myself nosegays, which I manufactured by no means clumsily out of large newspapers crumpled up together. A heavy blow now overtook us. The manager became a bankrupt and disappeared without paying the arrears of salary. The company dispersed, and there was an end of Italian opera. My parents found themselves without the means of livelihood. We were a numerous family, and so want and anxiety quickly made their appearance. My father took one thing after another to the pawnbroker's, and frequently did not know one day how we were to live the next. I, however, understood but little of all this, and sang away merrily early and late. My father now began to observe me, and conceived the notion that, with my little childish voice I might extricate the family from their dire distress. Thank Heaven, I did rescue them from it. When I was seven years old, I had to appear as a concert-singer, and I did so with all the delight and simplicity of a child. In the concert-room, I was placed on a table near the piano, so that the audience might see as well as hear the little bit of a doll. People flocked in, and there was plenty of applause. And do you know what I sang? That is the most remarkable part of the business: nothing but *bravura* airs, 'Una voce poco fa,' from *Il Barbiere*, with precisely the same embellishments which I sing at present, and similar florid compositions. I had the joy of seeing the articles of clothing and the valuables which had been pledged find their way back one by one, and quiet comfort once more reign in our house. Thus several years elapsed, during which I sang away zealously and had lessons in playing of Carlotta."

"Can you do anything else?" I took the liberty of enquiring parenthetically.

"O yes, I can make dresses, and was taught all kinds of handiwork. My mother insisted on this, for, she said, the voice is soon lost, and the operative stage a most uncertain means of livelihood. Meanwhile, Strakosch had become my brother-in-law, and co-manager with B. Ullmann, of the Italian Opera, New York. My passion for the stage and my talent had waxed wonderfully—though only a half-grown girl, I would not wait any longer before appearing in an opera. Ullmann at first objected to allowing a beginner like me to come out in a leading part in New York (for I would not listen to anything about secondary parts). I was only fifteen, and in figure, too, still a child—"

"You could not well have been much smaller than you are now," I remarked jokingly.

"You are very good to say so. I really was, however, much smaller and more delicate, but I was thoroughly up in several characters, and did not know what stage-fright meant. Strakosch, who had great faith in me, contrived to overcome Ullmann's scruples, and so, in 1859, I made my first appearance on the stage, the opera being *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Rosina in *Il Barbiere* and *La Sonnambula*, followed in quick succession and with the like favourable result. I spent the next year in fulfilling star-engagements at Boston, Philadelphia, and other great cities of the Union. In Europe, I began my career at Covent Garden, London. You know the rest—for my life during the last fourteen years has been played mostly under your eyes."

[Adelina Patti made her *début* at the Royal Italian Opera in 1861.—D. B.]

* From Eduard Hanslick's *Musikalische Stationen*, recently published by Hoffmann & Co., Berlin.

The Municipal Council of Lyons have raised the subvention of the Grand-Théâtre.

GOETZ'S TAMING OF THE SHREW.

(From the "Examiner," Jan. 17.)

Notwithstanding the utterly incomplete rendering of Goetz's opera when first produced at Drury Lane, eighteen months ago, there can be no question that, in affording a preliminary study, it placed at a great advantage all who will hear the music for the second time next Tuesday, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Like all true inspirations of genius, and as such we cannot hesitate to recognise it, the *Taming of the Shrew* grows upon the listener with further acquaintance, and every advance towards familiarity with its music reveals fresh beauties. It can hardly be said to fascinate at the outset. Rather is one struck by the thorough earnestness and power with which the composer has grasped his subject, his individuality of style, and the rich flow of melody running alike through voice parts and orchestra. When all is known and understood, it is simply delightful to note the extraordinary skill with which Goetz has worked out and elaborated the various divisions of his score; to listen to the charming phrases that constitute the "leit-motives," as they appear and re-appear with ever-changing effect; to marvel at the splendid grouping of the choral and concerted pieces; and, above all, to revel in the masterly orchestration—tuneful and piquant as it is full of scholarly device—with which the composer has enriched his score. All who heard his Symphony in F will have been prepared for the "polyphonic" style, which is this musician's chief characteristic; but, clever as the score may be, no one can say that aught in the *Taming of the Shrew* smells of the lamp. Here, in fact, is an opera which may well form a model for composers of the future. They will find originality, without any outrage of orthodox forms; they will find every character possessing appropriate means of expression—each, as it were, with distinctive music of its own; and they will find, too, that it is quite possible to write a comic opera in four acts, that need never for a moment become tedious to a fairly attentive and appreciative audience.

The German libretto of *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung* is by J. Viktor Widmann, who very properly describes it as "freely arranged" from Shakspeare's comedy. The order of the scenes is changed, many are left out, and others are compressed, with considerable gain of effect for operatic purposes. No fault can be found with this; but the English translation of the Rev. J. Troutbeck is not a thing to be accepted without protest. This gentleman appears to have made up his mind to have as little as possible to do with Shakspeare, and to rely almost exclusively on his own powers of adaptation, which are very poor indeed. The task may not have been an easy one, but something better than a mere literal translation of German sentences, with occasional incongruous mixtures of prepositions, adverbs, and conjunctions, might surely have been managed. Fortunately, however, Shakspeare's comedy will be at home here, and still more fortunately the success of Goetz's *chef-d'œuvre* will not depend on a comprehension of Mr Troutbeck's version of the libretto. Whether the public take quickly to the music remains to be seen; but that cultivated opera-goers will at once recognise its claims we feel convinced. Apart from the general features of excellence already mentioned, there are numbers in the work that require no second hearing to confirm as gems of the purest melody. Among these we may point out, in the first act, the duet between Lucentio and Bianca, and the soliloquy in which Petruccio determines to undertake the taming of Katharine; in the second, Katharine's song, "Ich will mich Keinem geben," her subsequent duet with Petruccio, and the quintet that concludes the scene; in the third, conspicuously, the opening quartet, Baptista's welcome to his guests, and the succeeding chorus—all charming pieces of writing; while the scene between Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca is worthy of Rossini in his best mood. Equally fine, in their way, are the remaining parts of this third act, which further includes the wedding and arrival of the newly-married pair at Petruccio's house. The famous scene with the tailor and servants in the last act is treated in masterly fashion; and from this point to the end of the opera, as if Goetz had now thoroughly warmed to his task, every phrase is instinct with genius and true musical feeling. A glorious duet between Petruccio and Katharine—shrew no longer, but loving and obedient—is followed by a septet full of rich harmony, and this leads up to the final chorus of joy and triumph, a fitting climax to a really noble work.

Whatever its subsequent fate, special interest is bound to attach to the production of *The Taming of the Shrew* on Tuesday, and for two reasons—first, because it will be one of the novelties of the Carl Rosa season, which is a guarantee of a performance of the highest efficiency; and, secondly, because the services have been secured of Miss Minnie Hauk, the Katharine who created the part in Germany according to the composer's express indications. It should be known, indeed, that the gifted lady had much correspondence with Goetz on the subject of his opera, taking vast interest in the rôle of

Katherine, the composer being no less interested in her ideas as to its conception. At about this time—and it is a sorrowful fact to remember—the unfortunate musician, already succumbing to the ravages of consumption, was unequal to the labour of carrying out many suggestions that met with his approval. However, Goetz did not die without bequeathing a legacy, that may be said to form a link between *The Taming of the Shrew* and the name of Minnie Hauk, which will endure as long as the work itself. This was the last air for Katharine in the fourth act—the "swan-song," we believe, of its composer. It was written expressly for Miss Hauk, and is not to be found in the ordinary vocal score. We may congratulate alike management and the public on the collaboration of this artist, not doubting that she will repeat a success which in Germany has indented her name as much with the character of Katharine as with that of Carmen. The mention of these two parts reminds us only too forcibly of the similarity between the fates of Goetz and Bizet, each dying at the same comparatively early age, and leaving behind one great work to occupy a prominent place in the domain of opera. Equally notable is the fact that in one artist should have been united the finest representation of the heroines of both.

[Our contemporary is in error here. It was at Mannheim that *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung* was first produced—not at Berlin, where Miss Hauk (two years later—in 1876) first played Katharine.—D. B.]

THE NORWICH GATE-HOUSE CHOIR.

(From a Correspondent.)

A society has been formed here for the practice and performance of vocal part music of the highest order. Its title is the "Norwich Gate-House Choir," and it consists of about seventy picked voices. In addition to vocal pieces, it is proposed to introduce at each concert instrumental chamber music ("classical"), performed by artists of repute. At the first concert on Jan. 9th, the vocal selection comprised Bishop's "Where art thou, beam of light?" Mozart's "Placido e il mar" (*Idomeneo*), Kücken's "Blanche," Abt's "Night Song," Hattori's "I met her in a quiet lane," and a new part-song, "Sleep, lady, sleep," composed expressly for the society by Dr Gladstone (organist of Norwich Cathedral). The "professionals" engaged were M. Dubrucq (oboe), Mr Henry Lazarus (clarinet), Mr Charles Harper (horn), Mr W. B. Wootton (bassoon), and Mr Kingston Rudd (piano-forte). Beethoven's Quintet in E flat, Op. 16, was played by these well-known artists in its entirety, M. Dubrucq, Mr Lazarus, and Mr W. B. Wootton contributing each a solo. Mr Kingston Rudd, who holds a deservedly high position in Norwich, acted also in the capacity of conductor. The concert was altogether a success—and the audience were more than satisfied, as they well might be, considering the genuine excellence of the performances, one and all. The scheme bids fair to assume considerable importance in the Eastern counties, and especially in the capital of East Anglia and the neighbouring towns. The musical progress of Norwich has long been watched with interest, and here is a healthy sign of it.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22nd, 1880:—

March, "Fête de Jupiter" (<i>Polyeucte</i>)	C. Gounod.
Adagio from the Nonetto	Spohr.
Prelude and Fugue, in E minor	Bach.
Pastorale from the Second Set of Organ Pieces	Th. Salome.
Air, and Allegretto Concertante, from the Water Music	Handel.
Overture, <i>Peter Schmoll</i>	Weber.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 24th, 1880:—

Fantasia in the Style of Bach, in F minor	Mozart.
Andante (No. 8 of Nine Organ Pieces)	G. Morandi.
Air, "Revenge! Timotheus cries"	Handel.
Procession March (<i>Ruins of Athens</i>)	Beethoven.
Andante, in A minor	H. Smart.
Finale to the Fourth Organ Symphony	C. M. Widor.

ACROSS THE PROPOSED NATIONAL OPERAHOUSE.

It ought to be quite possible, in a wealthy and music-loving country like England, to obtain sufficient capital for completing the National Opera-house on the Thames Embankment, without having recourse to the questionable device of a tontine. When, nearly two centuries ago, Handel proposed to establish, for the first time in England, a regular series of operatic performances, a number of rich amateurs, belonging for the most part to the nobility, met together, and subscribed for his benefit, or rather for the benefit of the undertaking over which he was to preside, a sum of fifty thousand pounds. Horse-racing was in those fortunate days a pastime which engaged the attention of but few; whereas music was an art which the best educated and most refined portion of society cultivated with passion. To lose a thousand pounds—or, indeed, several thousand pounds—on a race is, in the present day, quite a common occurrence. But the experience of the last few years has shown that it is very difficult indeed to get even small sums, and impossible to get large ones, subscribed towards the establishment of any such scheme as a National Theatre or a National Opera-house. In the present instance, the promoters have not solicited donations. They have simply invited subscriptions in the ordinary way of business. But to obtain them they have unwisely introduced into their project a sporting element of a novel character; and, as there seems to be some prospect of adequate support being secured, the question is naturally raised whether the means resorted to for attracting subscribers is or is not illegal. The Directors of the National Opera-house Committee want one hundred and sixty thousand pounds for purchasing the building as it stands—about half its alleged cost price—and completing it; and they tempt possible investors by offering a certain number of stalls to be raffled for and allotted in rotation, year by year, and by holding out the building itself, with all its appurtenances in the shape of furniture and scenery, to the subscriber who shall have nominated a life which shall outlive all other lives nominated by other subscribers. This is what was once familiarly known as the "tontine" system, a system of "pool" on a large scale, played without the aid of cards or billiards, which an Italian, named Tonti, introduced. To the Italians belongs the honour of having invented many remarkable processes in the way of finance, from the noble science of banking to the petty art or artifice of pawnbroking; and Tonti's new form of speculation seemed destined at one time to meet with permanent success. Like long whist, however, it has gone out of fashion.

It was, indeed, a tedious and tragic form of gaming, in which the player lost his money and his life at one and the same time. There was this additional mockery, too, in the sport, that if the player lived long enough to win the prize he was sure, in the natural course of things, to be by that time so old that he could not turn it to any useful or agreeable account. The victor in a tontine had the melancholy satisfaction of reflecting that all his competitors were dead; while he, the survivor, could not hope to live very long. Often the winner in a tontine had the prize brought to him on his death-bed. With what feelings the last few survivors must have regarded one another! How tenderly they must have watched over one another's health! With what sincerity they must have interchanged the good wishes usually expressed between civilised men! Just as the banking system—in which the banker takes care of money gratuitously, or in some cases pays interest for the sums entrusted to him—may be regarded as the exact opposite of the pawnbroking system, where the pawnbroker takes care of portable property and charges for the accommodation, so the tontine must be looked upon as the very antithesis of the Life Insurance Office. In the latter you ensure to yourself, or rather to your heirs, a certain sum of money payable at your death. In the former you cannot die without putting yourself out of the game and losing all that you have paid up. To win in a tontine you must live. The Insurance Office with which you have connected yourself as a subscriber and a payer of premiums would like you to go on living for ever. But your associates in the tontine have a greater interest in your death than in your life, and cannot but rejoice greatly when they hear of your being cut off in the flower of your days. It is true that no one will be cut off exactly in the flower of his days who may happen to have been nominated as a "life" in the tontine organised in connection with the National Opera-house. One must number sixty years to be qualified as a nominee; and this limit as to age has been purposely introduced in order that, as the Prospectus pleasantly sets forth, the tontine may be brought to an end—i.e., in plain English, that all except one of the nominated persons may be dead—"within a reasonable time." A man of sixty, even though he be a nominee in a tontine, might, perhaps, live until the age of seventy without subjecting himself to a charge of unreasonableness. His conduct, however, would probably be criticised with some severity should he persist in his practice of living after he had completed his

allotted three score and ten years; and angry protests would be raised by the great body of nominators in case a fair proportion of those entered in this race for longevity should continue the running after getting well in sight of their eightieth birthday. Some correspondents who have addressed letters to us on the subject of the operatic tontine point out certain analogies which they think they have discovered between that struggle for an exceptionally long life which constitutes the very essence of a tontine and an ordinary horse race. But, in the latter, the prize is to the swiftest, whereas in the tontine the prize is to be gained, not by rapid living, but rather by the contrary process. The horse which runs the fastest is the first to reach the goal. In a tontine the man who lives the fastest may well be the first to reach the grave.

Those who have already been nominated in the operatic tontine are understood to be men of just sixty years of age, who are not only at this moment in good health, but who habitually lead healthy and steady lives. Highlanders, accustomed from early youth to live in the open air, are in great demand; the market is firm for Scotch peasants, and it has already been stated in print that the Duke of Sutherland has nominated one of his own gillies, while Mr Mapleson has put his money on the head of John Brown. So that, if the proposal were to be carried out, there is a fair chance that some twenty or thirty years hence the National Opera-house may become the property of a Highland shepherd. The question of its actual proprietorship will, indeed, matter nothing to the public, who at this moment are only interested in seeing the building finished and applied to the purpose for which it has been designed. But we do not believe that in a rich country like ours money could not be found for so legitimate an enterprise as that of building what promises to be by far the finest theatre in England, and one of the finest in all Europe, without having recourse to this sort of gambling scheme. There was a time when the principal Italian Opera-houses, including in particular the Scala of Milan and the San Carlo of Naples, derived a considerable revenue from the profits of the gaming tables attached to them; and theatrical management is such hazardous work that some persons will, perhaps, think it not altogether inappropriate that an operatic speculation and a species of lottery should be joined together. But the general opinion undoubtedly is hostile to the present proposal, even though it is alleged by the supporters of it, as an extenuating circumstance, that the gambling spirit can hardly be much stimulated by the opportunity now offered of entering into a speculation which will scarcely give results until after the lapse of at least a quarter of a century from the present time. It will not, indeed, be until some ten or fifteen years hence that the investors—or rather those of the investors whose lives have not yet fallen in—will begin to take a really keen interest in this strange competition. Then, no doubt, a little betting and book-making will be heard of in connection with the tontine. Bad lives will be betted against, good lives will be backed, and, if possible, purchased; if one of the old gentlemen should break his leg while hobbling out for his daily constitutional, it will be duly recorded in the "latest betting," while favourites will be quoted with the odds against them, like chosen horses at the sporting clubs or on the racecourse. We cheerfully admit that the speculation is not one which will be likely to tempt the sort of gambler who lives from hand to mouth. No man who cannot afford to lose a hundred pounds will be likely to risk that sum on the chance of getting one hundred and sixty thousand pounds some twenty or thirty years hence. Nevertheless, the scheme is a disagreeable one, and the sooner it is abandoned for one more in consonance with the habits of English life the better.—SHAVER SILVER.

BLACK MAIL EXPLAINED.

(From the "New York Philharmonic Journal.")

"SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR.

"We are almost in despair about our delinquent subscribers, and beg them to remember that we pay for mailing and postage on their papers every month.

"We need money badly, and we are not ashamed to ask for that which is owing to us. Gentlemen, for the love of God, have some consideration for a hard-working, honest newspaper man, and send on your dollars; *wont* you? We do not wonder that newspaper blackmailers abound. The neglect of subscribers to meet their obligations, is enough to starve any editor into a blackmailer.

"Office, 46 E. Fourteenth Street."

Anton Rubinstein has gone to St Petersburg to superintend the rehearsals of his Russian national opera, *Kalashnikoff*, the libretto of which is founded on a poem by Puschkin.

THE MONOTONY OF MUSICAL REPETITIONS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In a foot-note attached to a hastily written communication of mine, headed "Handel's *Messiah*," and appearing in your issue for Jan. 10th, you are candid enough to censure the practice of trying to lessen the effect produced on certain individuals by the monotony of off-repeated musical works. Permit me to make myself more thoroughly understood in excuse for what I have stated, and in opposition to your comments thereon. A singer engaged to give the solos, &c., in oratorios is expected to sit in front of the orchestra; he does so night after night, hearing frequently the same work, although generally interpreted each time by a different band, a different chorus, and sometimes by different soloists. A few of these performances may be good, many are indifferent, and some so essentially bad that their effect upon the poor vocalist, thoroughly acquainted with every note of the music, cannot easily be conjectured. He has to sit there and listen to all this, not because he takes a part in every portion of the work—for he has pauses of half an hour's duration; not to keep up his enthusiasm, but simply that he may be ready to come in with his solo when required to do so. Put yourself in his place, and tell me whether the experience is an agreeable one.

I happen to know that some of our greatest operatic singers, occasionally engaged in the performance of oratorio, find this a more painful ordeal than singing in half-a-dozen operas, and that ordeal must be intensified when the same work is repeated twenty, or even thirty, times; a composition broad in its melody and scanty in its instrumentation, like some of Handel's compositions, becoming more monotonous, than works by Beethoven or Mendelssohn. For myself, I freely acknowledge that some compositions, when frequently repeated, cause me actual pain, and that I would sooner endure a sound thrashing than have to sit through a concert of such music. I go even further, and declare that the compositions may sometimes be good in themselves, but to have to hear them repeated frequently fills me with terror, and, I believe, that others will be found equally as sensitive, although they don't like to acknowledge it.

I would ask, does the operatic singer sit at the side wing and follow every note in an opera in order that she may keep up the "sacred fire" for her own particular *scena*? Nothing of the kind; she sings a thousand times better by knowing only the business of the stage and the musical requirements of her own scenes. In the concerted music the case is different; she forms a part of the *ensemble*, and her enthusiasm is kept alive, sometimes by the warmth of others singing with her, and sometimes by her own interest in what is going on around her. To draw a parallel between actors, operatic singers, and singers in oratorio or concert is, in my weak judgment, impossible. The effects they desire to make are distinctly different. In the performance of some characters a certain change in voice, in manner, in gait, and even in thought, is needed. John Philip Kemble, when he played Coriolanus, was Coriolanus off the stage and on the stage to the end of the piece, and he would have signed his name Coriolanus if he had been called upon to sign his name at all; but Kemble was a *made* actor, not a genius, and every little detail was carried out by him as a study. When he played in the *Wheel of Fortune* he had to sign his will on the stage. It was no hurried scrawl, but a carefully written R. Penruddock; but his sister, Mrs Siddons, was a genius, and three minutes before being called to the stage when playing Lady Macbeth, she might be seen calmly knitting stockings.

"You can always tell when Macready is going to play Lear or Richelieu by the way in which he walks through the stage door," the custodian of this portal once said to me. "Indeed, for a matter of that, he begins to play all his parts long before he arrives at the theatre." I have heard a dresser at the Princess's declare that Macready became so infirm in the last act when he played Old Men, that it was only with an effort he could make the necessary change of dress. Edmund Kean would jest and laugh at the wing before going on the stage in his most tragic parts, and when he came off would frequently indulge in some buffoonery. Charles Kean's Hamlet was the reading of a scholar and a gentleman; but I have heard of his commonly attending to a hundred minor theatrical details in the midst of his performance. There was a strong individuality about Macready and

Charles Kean at all times—indeed, it might be called a mannerism. The former had to keep up his idea to the end of the part, while the latter was hardly influenced by surrounding incidents when not on the stage. I do not desire to enter into any speculation about Mr Henry Irving's behaviour "during the intervals between Hamlet's appearances upon the stage," but I can quite understand his thinking a good deal about Mr Henry Irving, and when in the neighbourhood of a mirror looking a good deal at Mr Henry Irving. This much, however, I might venture to guess, that his deportment and speech varies very little off the stage, and I don't think that he takes his stand at the prompter's box in order that he may see and hear the whole play every night, nor do I think that his performance would be improved thereby. If singers are equal to their work, and know their music, they cannot be improved by always following every bar of the work in performance, any more than the conscientious individual who, having to play Othello was improved by blacking the whole of his body instead of his face only. PHOSPHOR.

ENGLISH PIANISTS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

England may in some respects claim to be a great country for the pianoforte. We produce pianos and pianists in abundance, and at least one Englishman has achieved great distinction and lasting fame as a composer of pianoforte music. At Mr W. H. Holmes's recent concert the concert-giver played in admirable style, on a remarkably fine Broadwood piano, one of John Field's *nocturnes*. Here everything in the performance was English and everything excellent. John Field, generally known as the "Russian" Field, from his long residence in Russia, might almost be called Polish from the likeness presented to his works by those of a composer whom we are in the habit of regarding as thoroughly Polish. Field was the precursor of Chopin; and though his English origin would not in England be likely to tell in his favour, yet the love that our pianists, and especially our feminine pianists, evince for the compositions of Chopin ought to incline them towards those of a master whose writings exhibit the grace, the brilliancy, and the melancholy beauty which gives to the genius of Chopin its peculiar charm. Mr W. H. Holmes, who is old enough to have been the master of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, may possibly have heard John Field perform his *nocturnes* when he last visited London. One cannot, in any case, help feeling that he plays Field's music precisely as the composer himself would have played it. It is interesting to see that the veteran pianist has still an eye for novelty, as was shown by his introducing a concerto for two pianofortes by the contemporary Russian composer Tchaikowsky. Mr Holmes was assisted in the performance of this work by his pupil Miss Salmon, as in Steibelt's "Storm Rondo" he was aided by another of his pupils, Miss Collins; while yet a third pupil, Mrs Sutton Sharpe (at whose house the concert was given), played very effectively Beethoven's variations and fugue in E. Another interesting part of the entertainment was the performance, by Sir Julius Benedict and Mr W. H. Holmes, of an arrangement for two pianofortes of airs from Sir Julius's three best known works—*The Gipsy's Warning*, *The Bride of Venice*, and *The Lily of Killarney*.

Mdme Arabella Goddard, certainly the best of our English pianists, and almost the only English artist (executive) who has gained an European reputation, is about to retire from public life. It is uncertain, indeed, whether after the present season she will be heard again at any of the concerts where our London audiences have so long been in the habit of meeting her. She proposes in future to occupy herself exclusively in teaching, and intends to establish a school for the pianoforte at Steinway Hall, where regular classes will be formed for students of various degrees of development, more particularly, however, for those who have already mastered the difficulties of the instrument, and who need the higher instruction which they can only obtain from a first-rate artist.

BRUSSELS.—Strange to say, Mozart's *Zauberflöte* has never been given here, if we except a performance long ago by a German company *en route* for somewhere else. At last, however, it has been produced under the French title, *La Flûte enchantée*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie—well cast, well played, well sung and a great success.—A musical amateur, M. Elkan, director of an insurance company, has presented 6,500 francs for the encouragement of vocal art in the Conservatory. The interest of the sum, valued at 252 francs, will be divided between the holder of the first and the holder of the second prize for singing, the former taking 200, and the latter, 52 francs.

PROVINCIAL MUSICIANS.

No. 1.—SOMERSET AND GLOUCESTER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It has often occurred to me as unfortunate that our musical journals so seldom notice composers, however meritorious, whose reputation may be said to be chiefly of a local nature. With the exception of a very few volumes, presumably lost, I have waded through nearly the whole file of the *Gentleman's Magazine*—besides other works of the same time—but have failed to find obituary notices of any of seven musicians, all of whom, I think, belong to Somerset or vicinity, and all whom must now be deceased. These are Edmund Broderip, who, about 1720, was organist of Wells Cathedral; John and Robert Broderip (possibly sons of Edmund), the former of whom published a set of "Six Glees," and the latter a volume of "Vocal Music," consisting of songs, glees, &c., both towards the close of last century; Edward Smith Biggs, a prolific composer of glees, &c., chiefly harmonized, and many of them to words by Mrs Opie, who seems to have written from 1790 to 1815, or thereabouts; James Brooks, of Bath, who published at least two books of glees, one of which I have seen; F. W. Bryan, who published some vocal music about 1790 to 1800; and, lastly, the late Mr James W. Windsor, of Bath, who seems to have been alive in 1846, but is referred to as "the late Mr W." in a work published in 1863, and consequently must have died some time between those dates. Taking, as I do, a keen interest in all such matters, I should feel much indebted to any of your readers who could give me some information as to one or all of the above musicians. Such men as Brooks and the Broderips wrote well, and I regret that neither their works nor their lives are so well known as they should be.—Yours truly,

D. BAPTIE.

ENGLISH OPERA.

(From "Replies," Jan. 17, 1880.)

EUTERPE.—In a contemporary journal I read, "The revived taste for English opera is due entirely to Mr Carl Rosa." Is this the fact?

A confusion of ideas, which undoubtedly exists in the minds of many, in respect to English opera, has originated in a partial, if not a total, misconception of terms, and an almost entire unacquaintance with the nature of the musical drama of England. The wide difference between "English Opera" and "Opera in English" would appear to be but little, if at all, understood by the majority of the British public; and, consequently, "English Opera" is spoken of when "Opera in English" is meant. By "English Opera" we would indicate operas composed originally to an English text by native musicians of Great Britain; by "Opera in English" we would designate operas composed to foreign texts by foreign musicians, and which have been translated into the English language, and adapted to the English stage. During Mr Carl Rosa's operatic career in Great Britain and Ireland, he has, for the most part, produced foreign operas, old and new, with an English version. One entirely new English opera, composed expressly for the Carl Rosa Opera Company by a young English composer, Mr Frederic H. Cowen, was performed a few times only. English opera has been inadequately represented by the earliest opera of Wallace—viz., *Maritana*, and by two early operas of Balfe, *The Siege of Rochelle* and the *Bohemian Girl*; and also by Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*.

Of Mr Carl Rosa's distinguished abilities as a musician and solo violinist, orchestral conductor, operatic director, man of business, and accurate feeler of the British pulse and purse, there can be no question. His practical experience has taught him that the popular taste runs in the direction of grand spectacular foreign operas, and he has done his best to gratify the public's proclivities, with, no doubt, a profitable result to his treasury. The operatic performances he has directed have been, on the whole, satisfactory, often highly meritorious; but, if we except the execution of his most excellent orchestra and chorus, they have been seldom, if ever, perfect. Mr Carl Rosa has wisely set aside the costly and baneful "star system," and has judiciously preferred a generally good representation of an opera, after the familiar German custom as adopted at Frankfurt, Munich, and other German cities, long famed for their excellent operatic representations. While so many favourite foreign operas have been presented to English audiences, little opportunity has been afforded by which the taste for genuine first-class English opera-music could be gauged. We believe that there never was a

more favourable period than the present for the revival of the taste for English opera, which has been unmistakably manifested at various epochs during the progress of the musical art in this country. Of late years, Mr Carl Rosa has been the only opera-director with great opportunities. English opera has confessedly not been fairly represented under his operatic management: public opinion has not yet been freely tested; there is no evidence that the taste for English opera has revived; and, therefore, none that Mr Carl Rosa has conduced to its revival.

That the British public should be attracted by the promised performances of foreign operas so world-renowned as Wagner's *Rienzi* and Verdi's *Aida*, whose magnificent stage accessories would alone be sufficient to draw enthusiastic spectators, besides the ever-fascinating *Carmen*, and the highly-spoken-of new opera, *The Taming of the Shrew*, by the late lamented and neglected young composer, Hermann Goetz, is most natural, especially as the text is to be in our own native language; for although when sung the words may be unheard, at least unintelligible, they may be read in the libretto. So long as hearing and sight are gratified, it matters little to the audience generally should the music and poetry of the opera be sacrificed to the translated text. That *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana* should alone be placed so conspicuously before the public as to appear to be our best native operas, is a striking injustice to other and better—but seldom heard—native operas, and to the dramatic composers of this country as a body. If represented with the rich appliances and stage decorations and scenery to which the "dramatic poems" of Wagner have accustomed us, how attractive and charming would be the veteran John Barnett's *Mountain Sylph*, his *Fair Rosamund*, and his new, yet unheard opera, *Kathleen*; Wallace's melodious *Lurline* and *Amberwitch*; George Macfarren's spirited *Robin Hood*; and that delightful, genuine native opera, *Hebe*, whose classically-dramatic, passionate, and effective concerted music, and graceful and pathetic melodies, could not fail to satisfy the most exacting, unprejudiced musician. It may surprise many to learn that we possess a comparatively unknown mine of wealth in English opera. That it should lie idle and unremunerative, alike musically and pecuniarily, would seem to be, from an artistic point of view, a national misfortune, if not a national disgrace.

When Mr Carl Rosa, with long practical experience acquired in Germany, America, and this country, first assumed the operatic director's baton, we had thought he had the desire and intention to use his dramatic prestige to revive English opera, and place it upon a firm and permanent basis. He might have done so, and may yet, with encouragement and substantial support, do that for English native opera which others have unsuccessfully attempted, or only partially and temporarily effected: he would then, as the reviver of English opera, really earn and deserve the thanks not alone of British musicians, but of the entire British nation.—CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

LONDON COTTAGE MISSION.—London, with its vast wealth, has, notwithstanding, a large and extensive population of miserable and wretched human beings whose temporal wants are but scantily supplied, many thousands of whom hardly know what it is to have a warm nourishing meal. To benefit a large number of these poor creatures, the London Cottage Mission, whose central offices are at 14, Finsbury Circus, E.C., has established and carried on now for twenty-six weeks, Irish-stew dinners, to mitigate the intense sufferings of the many thousand little children who are totally unable to help themselves. Yesterday an enormous crowd of the poorest class, composed of men, women, and children, assembled outside Conder Street Mission Hall, Stepney, to receive another stew dinner. It was a marked fact how large a number of able bodied men, willing to work, and debarred, through the scarcity of work, were standing amongst the crowd. The cry of the children, through cold and hunger, was heartrending in the extreme. The doors were thrown open for ticket holders at 11.30, and the feeding was vigorously carried on every half hour until 3.30. About 1,000 received the bounty, and the gratitude evinced by this suffering humanity was painful in the extreme. When the stew was exhausted a large number of men were given a good supply of bread and cheese. We sincerely hope that this Mission, which is striving so hard to feed the hungry poor, will receive from our readers that hearty and liberal support which it so much deserves, especially just now, that the funds have so great a call upon them, owing to the severity of the weather causing business to be slack and, in consequence, thousands to be unemployed. May we, therefore, entreat a benevolent public to send on their willing gifts, even though it be but a trifle, to Miss F. Napton, 304, Burdett Road, Limehouse, and Mr Walter Austin, 14, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTY-SECOND SEASON, 1879-80.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-SECOND CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Will take place on

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26, 1880.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 20, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and
violinello (first time)—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, M^m. L.
RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Haydn.*
SONG, "My beloved spake"—Miss AMY AYLDWARD *Gounod.*
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 111, for pianoforte alone—Dr HANS
VON BÜLOW *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2, for pianoforte and violinello
Dr HANS VON BÜLOW and Signor PIATTI *Beethoven.*
SONG, "The Linden Tree"—Miss AMY AYLDWARD *Jensen.*
QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 38, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and
violinello—Dr HANS VON BÜLOW, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA,
Mr ZERBINI and Signor PIATTI *Rheinberger.*
Conductor—Mr ZERBINI.

THE TENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT of the SEASON,

THIS DAY,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 24, 1880.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 44, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, M^m. L. RIES, ZERBINI,
and PIATTI *Mendelssohn.*
AIR, "O, ruddier than the cherry" (by desire)—Mr SANTLEY *Handel.*
HUMORESKE, for pianoforte alone—M^{lle} JANOTHA *Schumann.*
SONATA, in E major, for violinello, with pianoforte accompani-
ment—Signor PIATTI *Valentini.*
SONG, "Maid of Athens"—Mr SANTLEY *Gounod.*
TRIO, in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and
violinello—M^{lle} JANOTHA, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, and
Signor PIATTI *Beethoven.*
Conductor—Mr ZERBINI.

Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of
Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street;
Lamborn Cock, 23, Holles Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond
Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria
Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s,
50, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLKAW.—Send another copy of the poem (with the "Name") to
D. Peters, Esq. It has been mislaid, but is too good to be lost.
Don't fail—before you again assist at the Sack of Troy and help to
fill the belly of the aggressive horse.

PATE.—Wrong again. Handel was born a month before Johann
Sebastian Bach, on the 23rd February, 1685, as proved by the
Register at Halle (not 1684, as incorrectly stated on the monument
at Westminster Abbey). Handel lived and wrote nearly nine years
after Bach had gone to join the great majority. It is true, how-
ever, they both died blind. We can readily understand Pate's joy
in losing his purse!—it was empty as his *pate*.

ENUK.—A Syllogism.—Ware (l)law. Law is a great matter.
The reverse of (l)law is—Ware. Ergo, ware the reverse of law.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the concert on Saturday, St. James's
Hall was crowded in every part. The posthumous quartet of
Mendelssohn was repeated, and the pianist was Dr Hans von Bülow
—facts quite enough to account for the unusual excitement. Dr
von Bülow selected for his solo the sixth and last of Bach's *Suites
Anglaises*, joining M^{me} Neruda in Schubert's B minor Rondo;
and the same lady, with Signor Piatti, in Beethoven's great B flat
Trio. He was in fine play, and created the usual strong impression.
The vocalist was Miss Annie Marriott.—*Graphic.*

DEATHS.

On January 6th, at 20, Trinity Terrace, Brixton (formerly of York
Town, Blackwater), FREDERIC, son of the late EDWARD PERRY,
organist of St George's Church, Bloomsbury, aged 39.

On January 9th, at Stuttgart, EMILIE, wife of Baron JULIUS VON
EINSIEDL, niece of Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

On January 17th, at Workington House, Upton, London, E.,
MARY, the wife of Rev. JOHN CURWEN, aged 59.

On January 29th, at Westgate House, Belvedere, Kent, CAROLINE
MARIA, widow of the late RENE FAVARGER, aged 52.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs
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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880.

The Sea, the Sea!

*The cliffs are crowned with the clear big blue,
The lark is talking wildly in the sky,
Than deepest truest skies more deep and true
The sea-smile goeth to eternity,
Trembling in violet floods, and green light-curly,
Where the Sun sends a stream of burning pearls.*

*Oh! the bronze rocks soused in the cool wet sea,
Oh! morning welling brimming full fresh flood,
That trembles in sun-trembles to the free
Anxious Northern breeze that bites thy blood,
Oh! my young maiden-mistress childlike-glad,
I am so glad, my maiden-mistress mad.*

*A fire of fervid poppies there will be
To-night, wherein the sleepy Sun far-forth
Shall seek thy stretched-out cornflower fields, oh Sea!
There wot be this keen kissing from the North.
'Twill be dead calm. And I away, the worse,
My maiden-love, my great strange Mother Nurse.*

Polkaw.

Der Wirthin Tochterlein.

(After Uhland.)

*Three youths were down by the Rhine one day
And they all put up at an inn on the way.*

"Hostess, have you good wine and beer?"

"Your sweet little daughter is she here?"

"My wine and beer is fresh and clear;"

"My daughter's lying on her death-bier."

*And when they went up into the room,
There she lay in a shrine of gloom.*

*The first he lifted her veil away
And looked at her sadly where she lay.*

"If you still lived you beautiful maid"

"I should love you from this time," he said.

*The second put the veil back again,
And turned his face and cried with pain.*

"Oh! I have loved you for many a year,"

"And now you're lying dead on a bier."

The third he went and took up the veil

And he kissed the little lips so pale.

"I love you now as I loved you before."

"And so I shall love you for evermore."

Polkaw.

Rondel.

Is sleep worth sleeping?—Yes. (*Friends at a distance.*)

Is sleep worth sleeping?—Yes. A dreamy day,
An afternoon in summer, quiet and grey,
Close by a careless sea, high-tide a neap,*
The ripples dropped from dancing to a creep;
After the gladness and the sadness stress
Is sleep worth sleeping?—Yes.

A drowsy field with poppies in the hay,
A grasshopper that makes you dose away,
Seeing as ghosts a few far reapers reap;
With memories milder than a flock of sheep,
With thoughts all drifting to a dreaminess
Is sleep worth sleeping?—Yes.

Bolton.

FRANKO CAROLLO BURNANDO.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THE opera by Herrman Goetz, so anxiously expected by all amateurs, was produced on Tuesday night, with a success that admits of no question. A more attentive and intelligent audience has rarely assembled within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre. The performance, under Signor Randegger's direction, was admirable from first to last. The cast of the *dramatis personæ* was, in all instances, highly efficient, while the orchestra and chorus left little or nothing to desire. Miss Minnie Hauk, as Katharine, has added another Carmen to her repertory—more than which, her inimitable performance of Bizet's gipsy-heroine borne in mind, it would be impossible to say. Miss Georgina Burns is a charming representative of Bianca, Katharine's less impetuous sister, Mr Walter Bolton is an excellent Petruchio, and all the subordinate parts are adequately filled. As the opera was received with applause, the genuine nature of which could not be mistaken, and as it will doubtless be heard again and again, we may reserve detailed criticism on our own account for a future occasion, and be satisfied for the present with transferring to our columns the subjoined notice from a contemporary—entirely agreeing, as we do, for the most part, with the opinions of the writer. That *The Taming of the Shrew* will call for frequent notice, and as Shaver Silver says, with reference to works of genius, be likely to "disturb opinions," we shall take time and occasion to give our own ideas on the subject after mature deliberation. Our conviction is already strongly in favour of the new work, and we feel confident that it will be confirmed and fortified by repeated hearings.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

(*From the "Graphic."*)

The promise not kept by Mr Mapleson, to bring out an Italian version of Herrman Goetz's comic opera, *Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, has been duly kept (as is his unfailing custom) by Mr Carl Rosa, who, under the title of *The Taming of the Shrew*, has given us an English in lieu of an Italian version, from the pen of the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Such a work as this is not to be cursorily dismissed after a single hearing, but satisfaction may be expressed without further preamble at the cordial reception it obtained on Tuesday night from the audience at Her Majesty's Theatre. This was a really good sign, the music of Goetz being no mere *ad captandum* semi-improvisation, but seriously and well considered from beginning to end. Goetz, in fact, was not by any means an ordinary worker (his orchestral Symphony in F is enough to prove that); and, judging by this one example of his dramatic power, we are

* Neap-tide means low-tide in the second and fourth quarters of the moon. (*For the unwary.*)—D. B.

disposed to think that his natural inclination, had he lived, would have been emphatically directed to the stage. It is evident that his model is Mozart—greatest of all dramatic composers, as *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* suffice to prove, and not, as in certain quarters has been absurdly maintained, Wagner, with whom Goetz has absolutely nothing in common. Take, for example, the *finale* to the third act of *The Taming of the Shrew*, and we find a piece of elaborate concerted music, which under no imaginable circumstances could Wagner have written, any more than he could have written many other passages in the opera of which natural fluency and continuously flowing melody are the prevalent characteristics. Wagner, his disciples insist, is polyphonic no less than significantly dramatic—that may be, but he is polyphonic in a way wholly different from that of Mozart, and, let it be added, from that of Goetz. These matters may, however, be discussed on other occasions. For the present, we can only record in a few brief sentences the deep impression evidently made upon appreciative hearers by a work with which they had been wholly unfamiliar, conceived and carried out in a style to which they had hitherto been accustomed. The plot of the libretto by Herr J. V. Widman, and what use has been made in it of Shakspeare's famous play, being already known to our readers, need not be dwelt upon in detail. Enough that it is cleverly built up for musical purposes, and enables the composer to make his score more and more interesting as it progresses towards the climax. The taming of a shrew may be regarded as a light matter for the subject of a play, but Shakspeare, his superabundant humour notwithstanding, has made it the vehicle of a great social lesson, which Goetz, with the liberty of rejecting all that did not suit the object immediately in view, has, it must be admitted, idealised—by the agency of music—the great idealising medium after all. *The Taming of the Shrew* is now nearly six years of age, having been originally produced at Mannheim, on the 11th October, 1874, since which it has made the tour of Germany with unvarying success. In December, 1876, it was given at Berlin, Miss Minnie Hauk being the Katharine. Mr Carl Rosa, who has been playing the opera frequently during his recent provincial tour, profits naturally by the experience thus obtained, presenting it at Her Majesty's Theatre with a cast, one important exception allowed for, almost identical with that of the provinces. This in a great measure accounts for the very excellent performance, under Signor Randegger, on Tuesday night, a performance indeed which, the difficulty of a great deal of the music taken into consideration, left very little to desire. The exception referred to was in the leading part, the Berlin Katharine being substituted for the English one. We can scarcely imagine a more thoroughly efficient realisation of the character than that brought before us by the popular American artist. Miss Hauk's Katharine is at once Shakspeare's Katharine and the Katharine of Herrman Goetz, the dramatic and vocal requirements for its adequate embodiment being alike easily at her command—to say more than which would be superfluous. That her new assumption is destined to stand side by side with her Carmen there can, we think, be little doubt—another sign of the versatility to which her Elsa and her Mignon had already borne convincing testimony. Mr Rosa's Petruchio is Mr Walter Bolton, who was entrusted with the same responsible task when, two years ago, Herr Carl Meyder, with but scant recognition, gave a few representations of the opera at Drury Lane Theatre. Since then Mr Bolton must have carefully studied the music—so carefully as to account for a performance which may now in most respects challenge criticism. A more prepossessing Bianca than Miss Georgina Burns could not well be hoped for. She looks the character charmingly and sings the music well. Mr F. C. Packard is a thoroughly competent Lucentio; and the subordinate parts are effectively sustained by Messrs Snazelle

(Baptista), L. Crotty (Hortensio), C. Lyall (a tailor of tailors), &c. The singing of the chorus was uniformly good, and the orchestra excellent from first to last. With a slight acceleration of some of the *tempi* (in the first act especially), the whole would go off with the required spirit of animation; on this point, however, we feel sure that Signor Randegger is just the man to set everything right. The getting up of *The Taming of the Shrew* does not necessarily entail any considerable expense; but whatever had to be done was done effectively, and the first performance of Goetz's opera may be chronicled as a great and well-merited success. It was repeated on Thursday night.

WAGNER INTERVIEWED BY A FRENCHMAN.

M. FOURCAUD, a writer on the *Gaulois*, who, during a visit to Germany, three months since, called on Richard Wagner at Bayreuth, has published an account of his interview. At the conclusion, Wagner said:—

"Pasdeloup is doing all he can to acclimatise me in France, and I feel grateful to him for it. But no one will ever understand me thoroughly by means of concerts. I am a man of the theatre, and require for my aims not only singers but scenery and all the resources of the stage. In a dramatic work, all the parts are closely connected with each other, and you cannot with impunity meddle with any of the conditions absolutely necessary for its representation. However, my works will never hold a permanent place in your repertory. My music is too German. I strive as thoroughly as I can to be the child of my own country. It is dangerous to sing me without my text, which is the indispensable supplement of my tone-declamation. Why is there in Paris no international theatre, where celebrated foreign works may be played in their original tongue? Foreigners would feel delighted to appear in this manner before the Parisian public, who understand more about art than any other public in the world. I know that it is for other, and pitiable, reasons that I am not acted. Of that, however, we will not speak; it belongs to the past." At these words Wagner dropped his voice, and then continued after a pause: "People think I entertain a grudge. A grudge? Why? Because *Tannhäuser* was hissed? Are people sure they heard it properly? Auber could bear witness for me, because to him I opened my heart. The moment for serious music had not then arrived. With regard to the press, however, I had not by any means so much reason to complain of it as was said; I did not pay journalists' visits like Meyerbeer, yet Baudelaire, Champfleury, and Schuré wrote the most favourable notices ever published about me. So, you see, I am far from being as dissatisfied with Paris as I am reported to be."

Schuré's book about Wagner, his works and his doctrines, is a dull and prolix rhapsody, almost impossible to get through. Shaver Silver (of whom more next week) should write a criticism round about it. Baudelaire is morally a sort of Algernon Swinburne in convulsions—a poet, it is true (ask Shaver Silver) *sui generis*. Champfleury (ask "Polkaw") is Champfleury—*et tout est dit*.—D. B.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The seventh concert of Mr John Boosey's eleventh season was held on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst., in presence of a crowded and (as usual) delighted audience. The singers were Trebelli, Mary Davies, Annie Marriott, and Orridge (three of them spinsters!), Redfern Hollins, Edward Lloyd, Maybrick, Santley, and Sims Reeves (Esquires)—together with the members of the London Vocal Union, who, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker (an Alpine pedestrian in his way), agreeably varied the entertainment. About the ancient ballads and popular modern drawing-room songs, it is unnecessary to say more than that they afforded the customary satisfaction, the former to sanguine imbibers of a "crusty old port," the latter to eager quaffers of light Bourdeaux and sparkling Epernay. A considerable minority, relishing both, and, mindful of the wise saying of Chancellor Bacon—that "the interchange of contraries" is a preservative (or conservative) of health, swallowed them alternately with infinite gusto. There were, however, "novelties" (as our strenuous contemporary, the *Sunday Times* expresses it) "*in the shape of new songs*"—which, freely done into English, means novelties in the shape of novelties. So far, good. These novelties (by the way—is a novel a novelty, except it be a new novel?) consisted of "Dolly Varden," by Cotsford Dick (Miss Mary Davies

—who should be henceforth "Dick's own"); "My Friend," by H. Behrend (Mr Santley—H. Behrend's friend, and no mistake, as he used to be J. W. D.'s friend, when he sang "Rough wind," &c.); and "The Lights of London Town," by Louis Diehl, who, having exhausted the "Mariner" and spun out "Jack's Yarn" to attenuity, now comes up to town to do us all brown (Miss Orridge—who well deserves her porridge.) All rendered in perfection, these "novelties in the shape of new songs" were, as a matter of course, encoored and repeated—to the unalloyed (no pun) satisfaction of composers, "interpreters," and auditors. Mr Edward Lloyd (upon whose patronymic no *jeu de mots* was contemplated) earned marked distinction by his unctuous delivery ("delivery" is good—but epithets *must* be found) of "Stephen Adams" Maybrick's "good company"—though why a man, however a (may be) "brick," should resolve (or dissolve) himself into a plurality of Adams, without a plurality of wives to keep him up, it is difficult to say. Mr Adams (Stephen, or Stephens) should be wedded to Miss Eves forthwith. He might then forbear writing a diel of songs, and fulminate in Jezebel's Court, or Ahab's stolen vineyard, to his heart's content. We never heard, it is true, of a drinking Adam (Adam Smith being politically economical, perhaps excepted); but there was a tenor, Charles Adam, who, changing his surname to Adams, drew sword, and set sail for America, where he is now recognised in select circles as Josiah's Adams. (Thereby hangs a tail.) Mr Sims Reeves (may his shadow never be less!) gave, among other things, marine John Hatton's (*his shadow could hardly be less*) "Good-bye, Sweet-heart" so exquisitely that many a poetical young lady in the hall, fancying herself Juliet *pro tem*, inwardly repeated the ejaculation of that maid of fourteen summers ("Come Lammas Eve at night") :—

" * * * * * Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say 'good night' till it be morrow."

This was Sims; and thus may he be still for fourteen years, "come Lammas Eve."

Much more might be said about this concert, but I can only add that the pianist of the evening, Miss Bessie Richards, played a "Valse de Concert" (whatever that may signify) by Wieniawski (brother of Wieniawski and son of old Wieniawski), as well as a spirited "Rondo à la Turque," by F. H. Cowen, which is much (and agreeably) more Cowenish than Turkish, more Christian than Mahomedan, with a touch so delicate, elastic, and caressing, that they who manufactured the pianoforte and they who manufactured the music were equally to be congratulated. For my own part, I should like to have been the key-board. And then, Sims Reeves and Trebelli—Trebelli and Sims Reeves—in Verdi's "Si la stanchezza"—as if either could ever be wearied of other, or other of either; and then—

"God knows what next; I can't go on,
I'm almost sorry that I ere began!"

This was, indeed, a concert to remember.

Theophilus Querc.

It is said that Mdm Arabella Goddard intends retiring from the public arena, and devoting herself henceforth exclusively to tuition in classes. If this be true the art of music will be the loser by an accomplished performer, but the gainer by no less accomplished a preceptress.—*Graphic*.

A HUNGARIAN CRITIC ON MDME PAPPENHEIM.—"Mdm Eugénie Pappenheim has added another to the genuine successes of her starring engagement here. This was as Elsa in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, for the adequate impersonation of which deep poetic feeling, as well as musical knowledge and high dramatic talent, are indispensable. Mdm Pappenheim showed herself possessed of every essential requirement, shining with equal lustre as actress and singer. When before the lamps this gifted lady invariably finds something to interest the public; she never forgets the character she is representing, but follows out carefully the minutest details. Thus throughout we see and recognise in her an artist of the most legitimate school, as well as of the highest attainments. Her success was all she, or her warmest admirers, could have wished. It is long since a more favourable impression has been created by any dramatic vocalist at the Theatre Royal."—*Buda-Pesth Zeitung*.

* Mr Shaver Silver would rather eat his own words than repeat one of them to spoil a period.

CONCERTS.

M^DME FRICKENHAUS gave the first of her announced "two recitals" in the concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 14th, when she played in her best style a Prelude and Fugue by Bach, "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor ("Moonlight"), pieces by Rheinberger, Leschetitzky, Henselt, Niemann, and Liszt, as well as a Nocturne, Etude, and Scherzo (B flat minor) by Chopin, ending effectively with Schumann's "*Fischingshewank*." Miss Coyte Turner varied the programme with "The Willow Song" of Arthur Sullivan, and Mr J. Munro Coward's "Christe Eleison," accompanied by the composer.

A CONCERT was given at Holborn Town Hall, on the evening of January 20, in aid of the Holy Trinity District Schools. The singers were M^dme Norman (of the Schubert Society), Misses Leuscher and Paget, R.A.M., Messrs Paget, C. Beevor, W. Sheepshanks, Herbert Mayhew, H. D. Field, Titterton, Vose, Batchelor, and Beardwell. The pianists were Herr Carl Weber, M^dme Foli, Miss Lloyd, Messrs A. R. and W. Smythson. A varied selection of songs, duets, and choruses were given; and, to judge by their applause, the audience were more than satisfied. Among other instrumental pieces, Herr Schubert was set down for a violoncello solo. The conductors were Herr Schubert, Messrs James Higgs, Mus. Bac., and W. Paget.

PROVINCIAL.

DOLGELLY.—The annual meeting of the "Eisteddfod Meirion" was held on New Year's Day, a grand concert having been given on the evening previously. The President was the Rev. E. O. Williams—"Vronwnion"—supported by Messrs Jones, Griffiths, and Richard Jones. The singers were Messrs J. H. Williams, W. Davies, T. Humphreys, H. Pugh, &c., assisted by the Idris Choral Society, under the direction of Mr O. Roberts. Mr Brinley Richards, a Bard of high distinction, who came expressly from London to adjudicate the musical prizes, delivered an interesting address, in which he referred especially to the success of the "Tonic Sol Fa" system in part-singing. Bard Brinley also magnified the success of the South London Choral Association, at their recent concert in St James's Hall. The address was thoroughly appreciated and heartily applauded.

PLYMOUTH.—M^dme Edith Touzeau gave a concert in the Guildhall on Wednesday evening, January 7th, which was fully attended. Several members of the Edgecumbe, Baring, and Hartmann families were present. M^dme Touzeau, a native of Plymouth, who has been studying abroad for three years, was warmly welcomed back again, being a great favourite here. She sang "Casta diva," "Arpa gentil," and "Let the bright seraphim," besides joining Miss Meason, Messrs Hollins and Winter in the quartet from *Rigoletto*, obtaining in each instance genuine applause and re-calls. Mr Carter played two effective solos on the pianoforte, and also accompanied the vocal music. Messrs Moon & Son merit acknowledgment for managing the concert so much to the general satisfaction.

BANBURY.—At a concert given in the Town Hall, on behalf of the "Banbury and Grimsbury Soup Kitchens," the attendance was not so good as the cause deserved. A well selected programme, however, gave opportunities for earning distinction to several amateurs, among whom may be singled out Miss Lewis, Messrs Payne and Allen (vocalists), Miss Fortescue (harpist), and Mr Clough (pianist). Miss Lewis had to repeat M^dme Sainton's new ballad, "I can wait," Messrs Payne and Allen being similarly complimented in the charming duet, "The moon has raised her watery lamp," from Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*. Mr Clough, too, was no less successful in "Home, sweet home" (Thalberg), and two duets for pianoforte and harp (Oberthur) on airs respectively from *Oberon* and *Martha*, in which his associate was Miss Fortescue.

MANCHESTER.—At Mr De Jong's concert on Saturday, January 17th, there was a large attendance. M^dme Trebelli, Mrs Osgood, Signor Zoboli, and Mr W. Shakespeare were the leading singers, and M. Musin was violinist. The audience were in good humour, calling upon M^dme Trebelli and Mrs Osgood to repeat their songs, and warmly applauding Mr Shakespeare in Mozart's "Un aura amorosa." M. Musin confirmed the favourable impression he made on his first appearance at Manchester, and Mr De Jong's band played the popular gavotte from *Mignon*, Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, and other favourite pieces, in their accustomed style.

LIVERPOOL.—The local musical examinations in connection with Trinity College, London, are assuming such dimensions that a branch college in Liverpool would seem to be a necessity, in order to successfully carry on the work which, through the exertions of Mr J. J. Monk, honorary local secretary, has had such important

results. The College Calendar for the current year contains, amid a mass of highly interesting matter, statistics which are fairly astounding, as showing to what an extent music, in its more abstruse bearings, is being studied and disseminated throughout the country. In Liverpool alone there have been examined, during the past year, nearly six hundred candidates for certificates. We commend these little facts to the attention of our friends and neighbours who look upon social life in the port on the Mersey as unpleasant, unmusical, and unmannerly.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

BADEN-BADEN.

(Correspondence.)

At the last Symphony Concert of the Town Cur-Orchestra there was an interesting novelty: a Symphony (in G minor, No. 1) by J. Rosenhain. Mendelssohn took the liveliest interest in it, and produced it for the first time at the Leipsic Gewandhaus (on the 20th January, 1846), the best recommendation probably which such a work could receive. The following is a hitherto unpublished letter from Mendelssohn to the composer of the Symphony:—

"Leipsic, the 9th February, 1846.

"Dear Herr Rosenhain,—Last Thursday (the 29th January) we performed your symphony at our Subscription Concert here, and in my own name as well, most certainly, as in that of all musicians, I must thank you very much for it, for your confiding the first performance of it in Germany to us, and for the pleasure it has afforded us. We got it up very thoroughly at three rehearsals; notwithstanding which it did not go quite faultlessly." (Mendelssohn was extremely severe in his critical decisions) "though played with great spirit and love. The public, generally very shy of new things, applauded loudly after every movement, but especially after the second and the last. I experienced more and more delight in your work at every rehearsal; it was the same with the orchestra, and, therefore, I again return you my most cordial thanks.

"The difficulty I mentioned lies in the parts you sent us and in the cuts you made, as well as in the score. The parts themselves are not very clear, and the cuts render them exceedingly distressing for the executant, so much so indeed that I feel convinced any other orchestra than ours (which always gladly and intelligently welcomes every novelty) would either not have played the work at all, or very unwillingly, so troublesome were these parts. After the first rehearsal, however, I had everything which was effaced covered with blue paper, and the whole set right, as legibly as possible; this helped us a little but not much. I would consequently advise you, in order that the symphony may be played elsewhere—played and appreciated according to its merits—to have the parts copied out again. The work is worth it, but, except you do this, can never be properly valued either by executants or audience, for in Germany they too easily lose their interest in a work and prefer performing novelties with half a rehearsal.

"Hofmeister, to whom I returned the score, will forward you this letter; the best plan would certainly be to have the parts engraved at once, instead of re-copied. Perhaps he will speak to you on the subject. In any case, however, I should like to ask you what course is to be adopted with those parts of the score concerning which you spoke to me, and in which I profited by your permission to change a note here and there. Shall these alterations be at once copied (or engraved), or would you not rather prefer the score to be first sent you, so that you may decide *finaliter*? Let me beg you to do so, if possible. For, in consequence of your having granted me permission, I changed some few passages after the first rehearsal, and marked them with pencil in the score, that you may be able to rub them out at once or retain them as you think best. I certainly should not have dared to do this except at your repeated request. Hoping you will always retain your present sentiments of friendship and kindness towards me, I remain, ever yours truly,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

We have really nothing to add. When such a master has spoken, further criticism is unnecessary. The symphony is serious and almost tragic in the first movement, but grows more lively with each succeeding movement. One great characteristic of it is the union of thoroughly good German work to French lightness and grace—qualities found but seldom together. The effect of the second movement (an *allegretto scherzando* in the place of *andante*) is very pleasing; the conception of the *presto-finale*, in the Hungarian style, is sprightly and fresh. At the present day everyone writes in the Hungarian or the Slav style (even Brahms has not disdained to do so); but, when this Symphony was composed, the style in question was something new, consequently Herr Rosenhain's originality is indisputable.

MUSIC IN ITS RELATIONS TO THE DRAMA.

("Bayreuther Blätter," Nov., 1879.)

My last essay on the opera closed with the suggestion that there exist certain essential and inherent differences between symphonic music and operatic composition, or purely orchestral music and music when it enters into combination with the drama. This suggestion I would like to use now as a leading thought; because I consider the subject to which it refers of sufficient importance to merit an extended examination; especially as it will have a tendency to enlighten or correct the views of some of our operatic composers. In my last communication I mentioned certain "bunglers" who take, without reason, unnecessary liberties with the music, and others who regard with terror every act which conflicts with their traditional ideas of decorum. The latter I stigmatised as "senators." This euphonistic expression for an epithet derived from the animal kingdom I have from Iago, who, when Brabantio says to him, "Thou art an ass," simply replies, "Thou art a—senator." Iago's respect for one of high political rank led him to substitute one term for the other, and with somewhat similar respect for scientific dignitaries, I shall henceforward use the term "professor."

But to return to our subject. As an illustration of the difference in the musical styles of which I am treating, I point at the outset to an important example in the history of my art: to the fact that Beethoven, who was so daring in his symphonies, appears anxious and hesitating in *Fidelio*. He found the outlines of operatic composition clearly defined; and I have previously expressed my conviction that he felt uncomfortable in such narrow limits, and was, therefore, unwilling to attempt the dramatic style more than once. That he should not have remodelled the proportions of operatic composition with the pressure of his powerful mind, can be explained only by assuming that he was sufficiently employed in re-constructing the symphonic form, and that his craving for independence was satisfied by new departures in his purely instrumental works. And, if we give close attention to the abundant fruits of these labours, we must acknowledge that Beethoven defined the plastic limits of orchestral music so clearly that even his own impulsive genius dared not overleap them. Yet we must regard these limits as conditions, required by the very nature of the system to which they are applied, rather than as hindering barriers. These plastic conditions are columns which give the symphonic structure firmness, consistency, and clearly defined proportions. Beethoven hesitated to alter the fundamental forms of the symphony, as it had been transmitted by Haydn, just as an architect hesitates to move the columns of a building or to confuse what is horizontal and vertical. If the structure was conventional it naturally required this conventionality. The form of music called symphony is developed from the dance rhythm. It is impossible for me to repeat all I have said and proved elsewhere on this very subject. I can only point to what I consider the germ of the Haydn and Beethoven symphony. This origin excludes dramatic pathos, so that the most active complications of symphonic themes are never analogous to dramatic action, and can be regarded only as combinations of ideal dance measures, independent of verse or rhetoric. Here is not purpose or consummation, but for this reason dignified enjoyment only. Radically different melodies are never placed in opposition; however great the contrast may appear, they are reciprocal, like the male and female of the same species. But what a varied life these elements lead, how they may be separated for a while, how one may be forced from the other and then both re-united in passionate embrace—all this is portrayed in a single symphonic movement of Beethoven's; so vividly. Indeed, as for instance in the first movement of the *Eroica*, that, while it appears doubly clear to the initiated, the uninitiated may be misled.

I think I may affirm with justice that whoever endeavours to merge music into tragedy, or to use it with true dramatic effect, will face different conditions; conditions of whose requirements, as opposed to those of the symphonic school, he should give faithful account. Talented composers for the orchestra, who have sought to break through the barriers which hem in the traditional form of instrumental music, have given their works certain titles and have allowed music alone to portray the dramatic action suggested thereby. That these efforts can never result in the ideal work of art has, I think, been frequently admitted; but, nevertheless, the composers who have made these attempts have not been mere idle dreamers, and the real, practical value of their labours has not as yet been fully acknowledged. The vagaries, in which the demon that presided over the genius of Berlioz delighted, assume, when reflected by the subtly artistic disposition of Liszt, innumerable physical and psychological proportions; so that it seemed to his disciples as though an entirely novel species of composition had been placed at their disposal. It was, at any rate, astonishing to note with what elasticity music began to yield to the pressure of dramatic

action. Before that time the overture to an opera or to theatrical pieces was the only substitute for the pure symphonic form. But in using this substitute composers proceeded with the greatest caution. Beethoven, for instance, after a purely theatrical effect in the middle of the *Leonore* overture, repeats the first part of the composition with the usual changes of key; unmindful of the fact that the hearer who is susceptible to dramatic influences, would find the repetition inconsistent with dramatic purpose. Weber, in his overture to *Der Freischütz*, was more consistent. After the intermediate movement of his work, he reaches the conclusion by a compact and powerful thematic collision. And, although we find, in the most ambitious examples of programme music by the modern composers I spoke of above, lines of the symphonic form which cannot be obliterated, their themes, harmonies and modulations have that passionate and eccentric character, which they and their followers are obliged to adopt, if they wish to portray, as vividly as possible, the poetic or dramatic figure floating before their eyes; characteristics which the symphonists pretend to abhor. When afterwards the composers began to imagine words and gestures and to express these by means of instrumental recitatives, and when critics protested in holy horror against this dissolution of form, nothing remained but to construct of the various elements a new form—that of the music-drama.

This new form differs as much from the old fashioned opera as it does from the classical symphony. But, before we cast more light on this subject, let us glance at the works of those modern musicians who claim to have followed in the steps of classical composers, or, as they express themselves, have "remained classical." Whenever I listen to the compositions of these modern "classicists," I seem to hear constant repetitions of the phrase, "we would if we could." Programme music, which "we" looked at askance, brought so many thematic and harmonic novelties and so many theatrical and pictorial effects (in landscape and even in history) which were vividly portrayed by means of improved method in orchestration, that only a Beethoven could have added interesting items to the repertory of classical symphony. "We" were silent. When at last "we" ventured to move "our" lips symphonically, "we" began as soon as "we" noticed that "we" were becoming turgid and tedious, to decorate "ourselves" with feathers of the programme petrel. In "our" symphonies, therefore, "we" present catastrophe and melancholy; "we" are at first gloomy and sad, then bold and adventurous; "we" strive to realise the dreams of youth; but some demon throws stumbling blocks in "our" way; at last "we" extract the sharp tooth of melancholy and, laughing humorously, display the bleeding gum. All this is considered by Hungarians and Scotchmen thorough, hardy, and honest; but by others it is thought tedious. After candid examination I cannot believe that the symphonic music has gained much from the efforts of her modern disciples. Above all must I protest against their symphonies being considered legacies of Beethoven; for, although they may have stolen his melodies, they could not plagiarise his spirit. But it is not easy for the scholars of our conservatories to understand the difference in form that exists between the classical symphonies and those of the composers who "remain classical"; for their instruction regarding "aesthetic forms" consists in learning a number of names by heart, without being obliged to cultivate their judgment by instituting comparisons.

The composers I refer to, and whom I may call classical romanticists, differ from the wild stock of programme-musicians in that they seem themselves sadly in need of a programme, and make use of certain tenacious melodies, which belong properly to chamber-music and were conceived and nurtured long ago in artistic seclusion. This seclusion the classical romanticists have exchanged for the concert hall; what was formerly used for quintets and the like is now served up as a symphony—melodic chaff, to be prepared as tea for the melancholy, who have faith in any article which is marked "genuine." As a general thing, however, modern composers have given us seeming eccentricities which are explained by the underlying programme. Mendelssohn, with delicate feeling, introduced his impressions of nature and traced in music what may be called an epic landscape. He had travelled much and had brought home sketches which others could not obtain. Nowadays the smooth genre paintings of local exhibitions are set to music and are supposed to justify strange instrumental effects, which at present are easily produced; and astonishing harmonies, with which familiar melodies are distorted, in order that they may not be recognized;—and all this is presented as real instrumental music.

These preliminary observations establish the following propositions: Instrumental music was no longer satisfied to be under the control of the traditional symphonic form, and sought freedom in poetical representations; whatever reacted against this, could not warm the classical features into life, and found it necessary to

distort them by casting them in a strange mould. If the new departure increased the capabilities of musical expression, it also proved that, if these capabilities were to be increased still further, music must turn to the drama for support, without which it would soon terminate in disastrous chaos. What had remained unspoken was now to be clearly expressed, and at the same time the opera was to be released from hereditary slavery. In speaking of the music-drama we will proceed to give a clear account of how music may be capable of an infinite number of noble, artistic forms.

Richard Wagner.

(To be continued.)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MAD. ARABELLA GODDARD announces that she has opened a musical academy at Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square. This announcement will be welcomed by all who can appreciate the value to be set on instruction imparted by so great an artist and so cultivated a musician as Mad. Arabella Goddard; and under her auspices we may hope to witness the foundation of an English school of pianoforte playing, based on legitimate principles, and inculcating reverence for the intentions of great composers.—*Observer*, Jan. 18.

DR HANS VON BÜLOW, according to the *Bayreuther Blätter* for December last, had, up to that date, contributed to the Bayreuth Patrons-Fund the munificent sum of 16,817 marks=£840 17s., the proceeds of concerts given by him in its aid. At one concert alone in Berlin, in October last, he cleared 3,250 marks; at another in Cologne, in November, 545 marks; and at a repetition of the Berlin performance, in December, 1770 marks.

It is stated that further excerpts from the manuscript compositions of Mendelssohn may shortly be produced. Let us have them *all*. If ranged in chronological order they could not possibly hurt the fame of Mendelssohn, but would rather help us to a juster estimate of the various steps in the career of the greatest of modern musicians.

HAMBURG.—A "Mozart Celebration" commenced at the Stadt-theater on the 17th and will continue up to the 27th inst., the composer's birthday. It is in the shape of a continuous performance of his operas, in the following order: *Idomeneus*; *Die Entführung* with *Mozart und Schikaneder*, by Louis Schneider; *Figaro's Hochzeit*; *Don Juan*; *Così fan Tutte*; *Die Zauberflöte*; and *Titus*. The last named will be supplemented by a grand scenic *Festspiel* devised expressly for the occasion by Herr Hock. A subscription list at reduced prices was opened for the series. A healthier antidote to the *Zukunft* mania could hardly be devised.

THE Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), at the conclusion of the concert given by Mrs Gould, at Steinway Hall, in aid of the funds for the Victoria Hospital for Children, congratulated her upon the success of the concert, and expressly desired that the new song, composed by Mrs Gould, entitled "The Time of Roses," and sung so effectively by the charming and accomplished Mrs Osgood, should be dedicated to her Royal Highness when published. We hear that it will shortly appear, and that Duncan Davison & Co, Regent Street, will be the publishers. Mrs Gould must be congratulated upon the success of her efforts, in realising upwards of £70 for the hospital—a comparatively large sum at this season of the year, when there are pressing appeals to the charitable public for other deserving objects.

MILAN.—Joachim's success on his second and third appearance here was greater, if possible, than at his first. "Paganini come to life again!" is the unanimous exclamation of the Milanese amateurs. Nevertheless, "J. J." signifies something deeper than "N. P."—(*quod non erat demonstrandum*).

MR CARL ROSA, we are informed, intends to spend some part of the winter season at Nice, in order to restore completely his already renovated health. His operatic undertaking need cause him no anxiety, its success by this time being assured.

MME MARIMON's success at Boston (Massachusetts), where she has already appeared in the *Sonnambula*, *Dinorah*, *Linda*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, has established her position in the United States. The opinions of the Boston press are entirely in consonance with those of the New York critics, and the accomplished Belgian songstress is unanimously accepted as a "star of the first magnitude."

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" (*Extract from a private letter, dated New York, Jan. 3, 1880*).—"I know that you will already have heard good news about *The Pirates of Penzance*, still I must be allowed to tell you something more. Words cannot adequately describe to you the reception given to the master on his appearance after each number, and at the close of the opera. The music, as music, is far a-head of *Pinafore*. * * * * Sufficient to add, the new piece is the greatest hit ever remembered in America."

ABOUT BERLIOZ.

(From "La France.")

M. Colonne a reçu du célèbre facteur d'orgues, Alexandre, ami et exécuteur testamentaire de Berlioz, la lettre suivante, que nous nous faisons un plaisir de publier:—

"Mon cher grand artiste,—Je connaissais assez mon vénéré ami Berlioz, pour vous affirmer que si, de son vivant, il avait entendu la perfection de l'exécution de la *Prise de Troie*, comme celle qui a eu lieu hier au Châtelet, sous votre magnifique direction, il serait tombé dans vos bras. Hélas! je suis trop peu de chose pour vous donner l'accolade; mais comme exécuteur testamentaire de Berlioz, je puis me permettre de vous dire que, mieux que personne, vous le comprenez; car, pour l'interpréter comme vous le faites, il faut que vous ayez comme lui l'amour de cet art qui a été l'objectif de sa vie entière. Recevez donc le vif témoignage de mon admiration et de ma reconnaissance au nom de Berlioz.

"EDOUARD ALEXANDRE."

AN EPIGRAM.

(To Clara Scott.)

You told me once, recall the story—
"You fight for love, and I for glory";
'Tis well—but you must surely own,
If love you get; 'tis love alone—
While I, if prest in glory's arms,
Will be repaid by beauty's charms—
I get them both—and then the charm is
I get them nobly *Vi et armis*.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

NAPLES.—*La Juive* has yielded its place in the bills of the San Carlo to *L'Etoile du Nord*, which will be followed by *Dinorah* (for the debut of the tenor Engel) and then probably by *L'Africaine*.

ANTWERP.—A performance of the Cantata, *Au Tombeau d'un Enfant*, words and music by Mme Marie Jaëll, will be given on the 26th inst. by the Cercle Artistique. M. Alfred Jaëll will take part in it.

BERLIN.—Anton Rubinstein's "sacred opera," *Der Thurm zu Babel*, under the personal direction of the composer, was performed at the second concert of Stern's Vocal Association. It was preceded by Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*; Adolar's air from *Euryanthe*; and Beethoven's G major Concerto, played by Rubinstein himself.

TRIVOLI.—Cardinal Hohenlohe recently got up a grand concert at the Villa d'Este for the benefit of the poor of this place. The great attraction was Franz Liszt, who, among other things, played with his fifteen-year-old pupil, Rosenhain, Schubert's "March," his "Ave Maria Stella," dedicated to the Cardinal; and his Transcription of Rossini's "Carità." He was rapturously applauded.

GEORGETOWN (DEMERARA).—The Georgetown Philharmonic Club gave one of the best concerts of the season on the 30th Dec. last. On the 19th of the same month the Mutual Amusement Club's "Readings and Music" brought together a large audience, who were much gratified with the entertainment provided for them. Music is manifestly "looking up" in Georgetown.—COLONIST.

A MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF THE ENCORE SYSTEM.

BY AN ACCURATE OBSERVER.

(Continued from page 13.)

7. Another evil arising from this pernicious custom is the destroying, to a certain extent, the performance of the *actual piece encored*. This may proceed from either of two *opposite* causes, thus: most artists exert themselves to the utmost extent of their powers at the *first* performance, in order to produce the best possible effect; while others, if acknowledged public favourites, will, frequently, when performing what experience has taught them will almost surely be encored, "save themselves," reserve their powers at the first performance in order to produce the usual "thrilling" effect at the encore, without risk of failure, or of injury by the exertion. Now, should the encore happen *not* to be obtained, in this latter case, the audience fail to receive what they have bargained and paid for, viz., the best efforts of the artists; while, in the former, should an encore arise, it will be a mere chance, and a very doubtful one, if the performer have sufficient power left to allow him to repeat the piece as effectively as on the first occasion. And, as the last performance will be the one best remembered, that will be accepted as a fair sample of the artist's capabilities; while the accompanists (of whom we shall have more to say by and bye), who do not share in the supposed honour, are neither in the humour nor have the spirit to play with such effect as they did on the first occasion. Nay, it has even been whispered that some orchestral accompanists make a habit of playing as *badly* as they *dare* at the first performance of a piece likely to be encored, in order to avoid, if possible, the fatigue and annoyance of a repeat. And, while such conduct is, of course, perfectly indefensible, the fact (if a fact it be), is well worthy the consideration of all admirers of the encore system.

8. Then comes the inevitable question, *Is it Just?* Would it be just to go into a pastry-cook's, order, and pay for, a certain quantity of refreshments, and, then, upon finding some portions thereof particularly nice, nicer than usual, demand an additional supply of the toothsome delicacy, without further payment? But it may be urged by these thoughtless encorers that the cases differ, inasmuch as the repeated song, or piece, has no commercial value; costs the artist nothing. How we can blow hot or cold as it suits our purpose! At other times we are told (and have ample, and painful evidence of the truth of the assertion), that the commercial value of the abilities of a popular artist is enormous. That his every note is worth a golden coin, &c., &c.; while as regards the cost to the artist himself, I think I need add nothing to what I have said in par. 7, relative to the enormous expenditure of power in producing the delighting effect.

9. But, as selfishness is all-prevailing in these queer times, I will endeavour to show, in addition to what I have already urged, how injurious is the encore system to the audience itself. Public performances seldom err on the side of brevity. The public do not often complain of the shortness of a performance; while many persons hesitate to indulge in such amusements on account of the late hour of their termination. Yet there are very few persons who can be induced to leave before the termination of the performance, unless absolutely compelled to do so. It frequently happens, therefore, that, in consequence of the encores, the performance is so prolonged that many are, most unwillingly, forced to leave before its conclusion, or miss their train or bus; or, even if keeping a carriage, of arriving at home long beyond the time appointed and desired.

10. But let us take the least injurious view of the case and see how very bad it is. We will suppose the audience to number one thousand persons, 975 of whom (an almost unheard of proportion in an encore), express a desire for the repetition of a certain piece. Now *why* should the remaining 25 be annoyed and detained, and their arrangements upset, by the repeat; the unreasonable 975 having had all they had bargained and paid for? But, as I before remarked, and the fact is well known to all *habitues*, those demanding encores form, in quite 99 cases out of every 100, a very small and very illiterate minority. But, according to my view of the case, the impropriety and wrong remain even though there be but *one* conscientious dissident. And, surely, on the same principle, (or rather, *want* of principle), a majority of the audience might insist upon the *excision* of any piece to which they should object. Why not?

11. Finally, as immediately concerning the public, both in and outside the theatre, and as seriously affecting musical art, to its infinite detriment, perhaps for ages, allow me to point out how this senseless and ruinous custom tends to the lowering of the standard of excellence in music. It is an every-day occurrence for an artist, when arranging a programme or performance, to say, "Oh, no; I shall not sing so-and-so; although it is, of course, by far the best music; I shall sing so-and-so; as I always get encored in that." And, as we find that the encorers are not, as a rule, musicians, nor

connoisseurs, nor artists, but the very reverse, we can easily understand that a vast quantity of good music is kept from the knowledge of the public: while it has thrust upon it a parcel of showy, meretricious trash, calculated to touch the hearts of the admirers of "Four." Thus thousands of right-minded, but inexperienced, persons are led to believe that their own pure, natural tastes must be false and bad; as such great artists select, and receive such overwhelming applause for, such music. No other practice in the profession (if we except, perhaps, those of "Royalties," and publishers' subsidies), is, in my opinion, half so destructive to musical progress as is this to which I now earnestly call the serious attention of all lovers of "the divine art."

(To be continued.)

—o—
WAIFS.

A Bulgarian theatre has been opened in Sofia.

Georges Bizet's *Carmen* is very successful at Bruges.Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* is in active rehearsal at Mons.

Herr Popper, the violoncellist, is giving concerts in Switzerland.

Herr Hans von Bülow attained his 50th birthday on the 8th inst.

Nicola de Giosa, the composer, is at Genoa for the benefit of his health.

M. Sardou is writing for M. Gevaert the libretto of a grand opera, to be entitled *Venise*.

Mad. Désirée-Artôt, with Señor Padilla and Herr Steinberg, lately gave five concerts in Tiflis.

A new Musical Association has been established in Geneva, and already given two concerts.

There is one bone which even a hungry dog will refuse to pick, and that bone is the *trombone*.Méhul's *Coronation Mass*, lately discovered by the Abbé Neyrat, is about to be published in Paris.

Mad. Josephine Gallmeyer, the Vienna actress, becomes at Easter manageress of the theatre in Gratz.

Herr A. Ehrlich, *Musikdirektor*, Magdeburgh, has received the Prussian Order of the Crown, 4th Class.A new journal, *The Musical Herald*, has appeared in Boston (U.S.). Mr E. Tourjee is the "managing editor."M. Saint-Saëns' one-act opera, *The Yellow Princess*, has been performed at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

A new Mass by Niccolò Coccon has been executed at St Mark's, Venice, at which church he is first chapelmaster.

The concert organised in Madrid for the Poor of Paris by M. Lasalle, the barytone, produced the sum of 6,000 francs.

At the sixth Gürzenich Concert, in Cologne, Johannes Brahms conducted his *Deutsches Requiem* and Symphony in D major.*Tristan und Isolde*, with Herr and Mad. Vogl in the two leading parts, will be produced next June at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.Mad. Carlotta Patti has brought an action for libel against the *Post Dispatch* of St Louis (U.S.) the damages being laid at 25,000 dollars.It is asserted positively by the *Trovatore* that Verdi is composing a new opera, *Otello*, the libretto, furnished by Sig. Arrigo Boito, being founded on Shakspeare's tragedy.

M. Léopold de Meyer, the "lion pianist," as he used to be called some thirty years ago, is now, and has been for some time, a stranger to London, where he was once so popular. Why?

The operas performed during the first week of Mr Mapleson's Italian season in Boston (U.S.) were *La Sonnambula*, *Marta*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Aida*, *Linda di Chamounix*, and (at a morning performance on Saturday, the 3rd inst.) *La Sonnambula*.

The Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) having decided to send out a young Englishman, Mr Oliver King, to Canada, as a teacher of singing, transmitted the following message, through Mr Bamberbridge, secretary to the Duke of Edinburgh, to Professor Goldberg, of the Royal Academy of Music:—"Your method being the one above all I most admire and approve of, I would, if possible, like him to hear you give a few lessons before starting for the New World." That Professor Goldberg immediately acceded to a wish from such a quarter may be taken for granted.

VIENNA.—Madame Adelina Patti commenced her engagement at the Ring-theatre with *La Traviata*. She was enthusiastically received.—Ch. Lecocq's *Jolie Persane* has been produced at the Theater an der Wien.

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